THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXV. SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, FEBRUARY 24, 1915, No. 8

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

INCOMPLETENESS.

Nothing resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty; but alone
Because it leads and tends to further sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours,
But is hidden in her tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair because the mists fade slowly
Into day which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly;
Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly
When it seems as if they passed away.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

Pacific Theological
Seminary

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 per year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific at 45 Ecker St., San Francisco. Entered as 2nd-class matter.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - - - Editor
2716 Hillegass Avenue., Berkeley

H. V. Hartshorn, Los Angeles, Southern California Editor
517 N. Lake Street

A STUDY OF THE INSCRIPTIONS ON THE ARCHES OF THE COURTS AT THE EXPOSITION.

Why are these inscriptions there? What do they signify? Consider them briefly.

Among the most appropriate and beautiful are those from Spenser and George Sterling in the Court of the Seasons. That from Spenser is from the Faerie Queene:

(1) "So forth issew's the seasons of the years, First, lusty spring all dight in leaves and flowers."

(2) Then came the jolly summer, being dight in a thin silken cassock coloured greene. Then came the autumne all in yellow clad."

(3) "Lastly came winter cloathed all in frize, chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill."

That from George Sterling, a California poet, is restful. Many cannot read it without a sense of calmness pervading the surrounding air and flowing into them.

(1) "For lasting happiness we turn our eyes to one alone, and she surrounds you now."

(3) "Great nature refuge of the weary heart and only balm to breasts that have been bruised."

(3) "She hath cool hands for every fevered brow, and gentlest silence for the troubled soul."

Over the great East Gate, the selections are from authors among the Arabians, the Siamese, the Indians, the Chinese, and the Japanese.

India furnishes the following from Kalidasa:

"The moon sinks yonder in the west, while in the east the glorious sun behind the herald dawn appears. Thus rise and set in constant change those shining orbs and regulate the very life of this our world."

Persia's contribution to the arches is from Firdausi's Shah Nameh:

"The balmy air diffuses health and fragrance. So tempered is the genial glow that we know neither heat nor cold. Tulips and hyacinths abound. Fostered by a delicious clime the earth blooms like a garden."

This was chosen because of its applicability to our balmy California air. Hitomari was the Japanese writer thus honored. The selection is from a selection containing the classic poetry of Japan:

"Our eyes and hearts uplifted seem to rest on Heaven's radiance."

This was regarded as especially applicable to the illumination of the Court as well as to the light of heaven.

The Siamese selection is from the sayings of Phra Ruang, translated by Professor C. B. Bradley of the University of California who was born in Siam. It reads:

"A wise man teaches, be not angry; from untrodden way turn aside."

The Chinese selection is from the Confucian analects:

"They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it."

The Arabian is: "He that honors not himself lacks honor whereso e'er he goes." This is from the "Mu'allaqua" of Zuhayr lbn Abi Suma.

Goethe's "Conversations with Eckermann" has contributed an inscription indicating what our manifest destiny long ago was with respect to this continent:

"It is absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican gulf to the Pacific ocean, and I am certain that they will do it. Would that I might live to see it, but I shall not."

Pascal's "Pensees" furnished the following: "The Universe, an infinite sphere, the center everywhere the circumference nowhere."

This is from Dante's "Purgatoria": The world is in its most excellent state when Justice is supreme."

From "Don Quixote," by Cervantes the following was taken: "Truth, witness of the past, counciller of the present, guide of the future."

And Shakespeare in his "Antony and Cleopatra," furnished this: "In Nature's infinite book of secrecy, a little I can read."

Porter Garnett, to whom it was given to make the selections, considered more than a thousand different passages and finally chose those which now appear. He has stated:

"In determining the character of the inscription, the following considerations were taken into account. The inscriptions for the four principal panels must possess a cosmical or an epical quality. Those for the eight smaller panels should deal with such abstractions as truth, nature, beauty. Proverbs, particularly such as have to do with conduct, should be excluded. The most important requirement, however, is that the inscriptions should meet with the approval of all classes of persons—the man in the crowd, as well as the scholar."

He was limited, too, by the spaces allotted for the inscriptions. In some instances the selections would have been other than what they are if the space for the letters, had been larger.

These selections, as well as the statuary, are intended to convey the message of the Exposition or what some people think its message to be. Study them! See what meaning you can put into them or get out of them! Also study to find the real, the perhaps hidden meaning of the Exposition—something deeper yet than the minds of its builders have seen.

We have separated from the other selections and left to mention last one by Walt Whitman, taken from his little poem entitled "Facing West from California's Shores."

Only the first four lines were used. We regret that the entire poem was not used. We give it here entire:

"Facing West, from California's shores,
Inquiring, tireless, seeking what is yet unfound,
I, a child, very old, over waves toward the house of maternity the land of migrations, look afar,

Look off the shores of my western sea—the circle almost
circled;

For, starting westward from Hindustan, from the vales of
Kashmere,
From Asia, from the north, from the God, the sage, and
the hero,
From the south, from the flower peninsulas, and the spice
islands;
Long having wander'd since, round the earth having wan-
der'd,
Now I face home again, very pleased and joyous;
But where is what I started for, so long ago?
And why is it yet unfound?"

Porter Garnett, the man of letters, to whom was entrusted the selection of the inscriptions on these arches, says:

"In these transcendent lines, we have the poet speaking as the personification and representative of the Aryan race —the race which, having its origin in the plains of Kashimir, has, by virtue of the spirit of conquest, the desire to be forever seeking what is yet unfound, finally reached the western edge of the American continent, whence it faces 'west from California's shores' and looks 'towards the House of Maternity, the Land of Migrations,' from which it originally sprang.

"It seems hardly possible to conceive of an inscription that embodies such a tremendous thought, and is, at the same time, so appropriate to the purpose for which it is suggested. It comes moreover, from the poet who above all others represents the spirit of the American people and the ideals of democracy."

Our readers are asked to take special notice and consideration of the last two lines of Whitman's poem—

"But where is what I started for so long ago?
And why is it yet unfound?"

These lines are very suggestive, as our readers will be able to see doubtless as they follow the thoughts here set forth.

It is significant that no selection was made from the Bible nor from the books of any religion—nothing from the life of him who said: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, * * * and thy neighbor as thyself."

Yes, where is what the race started for so long ago, and why is it yet unfound? It is Brotherhood. It will be found, will be realized in its fulness some day. It has long been on the way; it will arrive some day. Men may not know it to any great extent, but that is what the race started for—or was started for—and toward that it is being led uneringly. The goal of the human race is Love—it is God—"God is Love", says the Great Apostle.

"God is descending from eternity,
And all things good and evil build the road.
Yea, down in the thick of things, the men of greed
Are thumping the inhospitable clay.
By wondrous toils the men with the Dream,
Led onward by something unawares,
Are laying the foundations of the Dream,
The Kingdom of Fraternity foretold."

It is probable that the builders of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition have builded better than they knew.

That archer on the top of the lofty tower facing out across the waters has shot his arrow. He knows not where it has gone; but it is out there in the unseen somewhere, and he seems determined to go where it has gone.

The Exposition is full of hints; there are signs pointing out into the unseen and unknown, and men and women will go in those directions.

In Sterling's lines, for example, there is a hint of our kinship with Nature—a consciousness of which seems of late to be spreading among men.

In the days when the Exposition was being constructed, a workman remarked to a visitor, "Canada and China side by side! What do you think of that?"

What should we think of it? Why, it means fraternity—world-wide brotherhood.

No one who studies carefully, the displays of exhibits made by Japan can go away without a greater respect for the Japanese and a more brotherly feeling. And a look into the Philippine exhibits, not only in their own building, but in other buildings also, will show that some of the peoples we call "the backward peoples" are not so very backward after all.

What is the lesson of the Exposition—not simply of the inscriptions, nor of the sculpture, but the Exposition as a whole? It is not on the surface. These thoughts are hints that may lead some to search for it.

Seek and ye shall find—not all of course; but something that will lead on sometime to something else, and something higher!

OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO FREMONT—"THE PATHFINDER."

"Take no small view of Fremont." These are words in the closing paragraph of a biography of John C. Fremont, entitled "Fremont and '49." A subtitle is: "The Story of a Remarkable Career and its Relation to the Exploration and Development of our Western Territory, especially of California." Mr. Dellenbaugh, the author, says: "I am free to admit that before I began my detailed examination into the career of Fremont I had something of that uncertain sense of opposition which is so often encountered when mentioning him; but the deeper I got, the more I became satisfied that, even admitting many faults, Fremont has not received justice at the hands of his Government, nor of his fellow-countrymen."

There have been in the United States three deciding epoch-making events, says Dellenbaugh: "The Declaration of Independence; the extension of control to the Pacific; and the State's Rights War. With the second of these momentous occurrences Fremont is inseparably connected, not more by his energy in reconnoitering the country of a foreign power and in the California affair, than by his lucid exposition of the true nature of that extensive and diversified domain."

As to the claim that is often made, that the British never had designs on California, he writes: "While it may be true that the British government had no direct designs there were many indirect interests at work to obtain a footing. Had this been secured before Fremont began his definite operations they never could have been dislodged without war. California would have been a Canada on the Pacific. But, after Fremont played his hand, no foreign nation could have stepped in without direct antagonism to the United States; and he planned the affair so adroitly that in case it became necessary or advisable to repudiate what he had done the path was clear."

The author tells us that some of Fremont's critics have been deceived and have tried to prove his intentions by documents written to veil his real purpose. However: "Montgomery, and Gillespie, and, later Stockton, were not in doubt as to what Fremont and our Government intended, or as to his object in California. He was in a difficult situation, far from communication with the men—Benton, Polk, Bancroft—whose will he was endeavoring to execute; and he steered a course which, all things considered, was a very good one, perhaps the best possible at the time."

The determination to cross the Sierras, to the Sacramento valley, in the month of January 1844, is regarded as one of the boldest acts in the courageous life of Fremont. Why did he do it? Dellenbaugh says: "I surmise his chief mission, besides notes on the topography, was to secure information about the fertile valeys of California, the attitude of the people toward Americans, the strength and distribution of the Mexican forces, the status of Alvarado, the late insurrectionary governor, and so on—much of which could be had at Sutter's Fort. It was patent to every one long before the date of the departure of this second expedition that a rupture with Mexico, and consequently war, was certain. The admission of Texas into the Union was constantly discussed and it was clearly only a matter of time. When it came Mexico would automatically be at war with the United States because of previous declarations and actions with reference to that expected event.

It was Fremont's illustrious father-in-law, Senator Thomas H. Benton, who in a speech in St. Louis exclaimed in a dramatic manner as he pointed toward the sunset: "There is the East. There is the road to India." Benton was convinced that Great Britain had an eye on San Francisco bay, and so on California as a whole; and he so arranged that our Government should be prepared when the day of opportunity should dawn. So, Fremont, Benton's son-in-law, turned his face westward and halted only when the Golden Gate had been won, and our country possessed of an open road to the orient.

One of Whittier's poems commemorates Fremont's journey over the Sierras in mid-winter into California:

All night above their rocky bed
They saw the stars march slow;
The wild Sierra overhead,
The desert's death below.

The Indian from his lodge of bark,
The gray bear from his den,
Beyond their camp-fire's wall of dark,
Glared on the mountain men.

Still upward turned with anxious strain,
Their leader's sleepless eye,
Where splinters of the mountain chain
Stood black against the sky.

The night waned slow; at last a glow,
A gleam of sudden fire,
Shot up behind the walls of snow,
And tipped each icy spire.

"Up men!" he cried, "you rocky cone,
Today, please God, we'll pass,
And look from winter's frozen throne
On summer's flowers and grass!"

They set their faces to the blast,
They trod the eternal snow,
And faint, worn, bleeding, hailed at last
The promised land below.

Behind, they saw the snow-cloud tossed
By many an icy horn;
Before, warm valleys, wood-embossed,
And green with vines and corn.

They left the winter at their backs
To flap his baffled wing,
And downward, with the cataracts,
Leaped to the lap of spring.

It was in 1856 that Whittier wrote these stanzas—at a time when the nation was entering one of the greatest movements in its history, and the poem ended thus:

Strong leader of that mountain band,
Another task remains,
To break from slavery's desert land
A path to freedom's plains.

The winds are wild, the way is drear,
Yet, flashing through the night,
Lo! icy ridge and rocky spear
Blaze out in morning light!

Rise up, Fremont, and go before,
The hour must have its man;
Put on the hunting-shirt once more,
And lead in freedom's van!

The careful student of history will not fail to conclude that it was no more than a fair estimate of Fremont's career which Admiral Meade made in 1894 when final interment was made of his body in New York: "We are here to honor the memory of a man who did as much as any man in his generation to give us the Empire of the Western World. . . . His memory we revere. He was a pioneer in more senses than one. To him and his work is largely due the great party that brought about the freedom of millions of our countrymen in the United States."

It is to be hoped that this book by Dellenbaugh which sets forth the part Fremont played in making the shores of the Pacific a part of the United States will be placed in public libraries all over the state. The author says truly: "The Nation will honor itself by honoring him. His name is inseparably interwoven with the opening and the development of more than half the present area of the United States —and especially with the acquisition of California, and with the days of '49. His writings, and his deeds, stand at the top in the record of that vast region."

At a time when train after train will carry the people of the East across our mountains to the great exposition here by the Golden Gate let it not be forgotten that Fremont blazed the way, that almost every railway survey across the western region followed near one or the other of his exploring trails, and that many of the lines operating today were built along those trails. In 1854 Fremont wrote in The National Intelligencer: "It seems a treason against mankind and the spirit of progress which marks the age to refuse to put this one completing link to our national prosperity and the civilization of the world. Europe still lies

between Asia and America; build this railroad and things will have revolved about; America will be between Asia and Europe—the golden vein which runs through the history of the world will follow the iron track to San Francisco."

EXPOSITION NOTES.

"The majesty and beauty of these buildings is overwhelming" was a remark made by ex-Governor Rollins of New Hampshire, on the day of the opening.

It is impressing! It is uplifting! Every Californian should be proud of the achievement, remarked a man from Pasadena, the day the Exposition opened.

"Beyond all doubt this Exposition is, artistically and architecturally, the most beautiful ever created," said Mr. Felix Martinez, who was delegated to attend the opening ceremonies as the representative of the governor of Texas.

In the Japanese Garden is a building containing the priceless art collection of Emperor Mutsuhito, the father of the present Emperor. It is said that the articles have never before been exhibited to strangers.

There are twelve great exhibit buildings covering an area of 107 acres. They cost $4,627,916. The agriculture building covers eight acres of ground, exclusive of three acres outside devoted to exhibits.

Japan's official building was constructed in Japan. It was put together there; then taken apart, shipped to San Francisco and reconstructed here. It is a reproduction of the Temple of Kinka Ku Ji at Kioto.

The California building covers seven acres, including the courts. All the counties of the state have exhibits there. About two million dollars were appropriated for these exhibits. Of course the California building is Mission style.

The ceiling in the dining room of the New York building cost $15,000. The building is 250 feet long and 100 wide, four stories high. There is also a New York City building. New York appropriated $1,000,000 for the Exposition.

Forty-two different countries are represented at the Exposition. Ten million dollars were appropriated by the nations and states for participation. Forty-one states have buildings. This is more than there were at Chicago or St. Louis.

More than fifteen hundred pieces of sculpture adorn the buildings and grounds, executed by the leading sculptors. Each piece depicts some phase of the significance of the Exposition. To get the full significance of the Exposition it will be necessary to study the sculpture carefully.

The State of Washington has more separate exhibits than any other state. She has a fine building well filled with things setting forth the resources and industries of the state. Washington is next to California in the amount of space used.

Canada's exhibit won the most commendation on opening-day. In the halls of her four hundred thousand dollar building a great wonderland was pictured in a most realistic and impressive manner. Oh, that apple exhibit! California, Oregon and Washington, you may take back seats—for apple display certainly. It is said that Canada's Exhibit cost a million dollars.

The rich doorway of the Palace of Varied Industries was copied after the Hospital of the Holy Cross in Toledo, Spain, so says Mr. Ernest Knauft in an appreciative article in The Review of Reviews. The Arch of the Rising Sun, which is the eastern entrance to the Court of the Universe, recalls to him the celebrated arches of Titus and Constantine, only more massive in proportion.

Just inside the Oregon Building, opening day was a large card bearing the words: "We apologize; but—Come again." It was an apology which could have been repeated aptly in many buildings and sections of buildings. But enough was in readiness to make true the statement that in the main the Exposition is finished. A great exposition entirely complete on openingday is not likely ever to be a realization.

The organ in Festival Halls weighs forty tons. One hundred miles of wire were used in the electric circuits. The largest pipe is thirty-two feet long and weighs 1300 pounds. Thirty thousand feet of lumber were used in the construction of the organ. Where the organist sits at the console he is 200 feet from the parts of the organ which are responding to his lightest touch. No air pressure or pneumatic work are required on the part of the organist. Everything is operated electrically. Each of the two blowers are run by a twenty horse power motor.

Much has been said about the beauty of the grounds at night under illumination. The president of the San Diego Exposition says that to see this only is worth a trip across the continent. Is this extravagant? The present writer does not know, not having seen the illumination. But this is what Markham, the poet, has written: "I have seen the greatest revelation of beauty that was ever seen on the earth. I say this, meaning it literally and with full regard for all that is known of ancient art and architecture, and all that the modern world has heretofore seen of glory and grandeur. I have seen beauty that will give the world new standards of art and a joy in loveliness never before reached. This is what I have seen—the courts and buildings of the Panama-Pacific Exposition illuminated at night."

The machinery building is the costliest. There were expended in its construction $659,655. The transportation building cost $481,677. The cost of other buildings was: Agriculture, $425,610; Education $304,263; Festival Hall $270,000; Food Products $342,531; Horticulture $341,000; Liberal Arts $344,186; Manufactures $341,069; Mines and Metallugy $359,455; Varied Industries $312,691; Tower of Jewels $420,00. The total cost of the buildings was $15,-00,000. The site cost $1,000,000. This covers its use up to January 1st, 1917. The total cost of the Exposition was $50,000,000. The exhibits are valued at $250,000,-000. In the total cost are included $3,000,000 spent by the California counties, $8,000,000 by other states $5,000,-000 by foreign governments, $10,000,000 in concessions and $7,000,000 by exhibitors.

The gull is the bird that is regarded as emblematic of the exposition. A writer in the San Francisco Examiner says—"the gull that sails and poises, flings and darts on untired wing—the gull whose courage dares the sea. He is the bird of the untrammeled air, master of the elements, eager, confident and his own. His ease, his daring and his grace are typical of the Exposition's seaside home and of the attributes of the men and women who made of that Exposition a fact—a crystalized dream." One of our American poets, Grace Duffield Goodwin, has written of the gull:

"The white gulls follow the flying ship
Afar and afar o'er the solemn deep;
Tho' beating wings may wearily dip,
And battle the wind or the fierce wave-lip,
Yet onward they follow, nor rest, nor sleep."

In an article on Japan at the Exposition, Mr. Jiro Harada of the commission says: "In representing Japan at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, no efforts have been spared to make the display as characteristic and comprehensive as possible, all because Japan is eager to be correctly understood by the nations of the world, more particularly by America. True understanding is indispensable to true friendship. It is the wish of all those concerned that the participation of Japan at the Exposition will serve to give a better insight into the life of Japan, her ideals and her attainments." Japan is extensively represented in the various exhibit palaces. She has her section in each of the departments of manufactures, agriculture, food products, horticulture, mines and metallurgy, education and social economy liberal arts, transportation and fin arts. The space occupied by Japan in these nine buildings, including also an allotment in the horticultural garden, amounts to 86,386 square feet. Besides, there is the Japanese garden, covering an area of 147,600 square feet.

They who give consideration to the architecture of the Exposition will do well to keep in mind an article in The Review of Reviews for February. We quote a paragraph or two: "From a utilitarian point of view the buildings of an exposition need be nothing more than well-lighted sheds consisting of four walls and a roof. But from an educational aspect it is necessary that they have, singly architectural features of a high order, that they may demonstrate to visitors the charm of architectural beauty; and that they have collectively, the form of a well laid out miniature city, in order that they may further demonstrate the efficiacy of well-considered civic planning. It is likely that the Panama-Pacific Exposition will adequately fulfill these requisites. Doubtless ninety-nine persons out of a hundred who gave the matter any thought, expected that the buildings of the Exposition would be more or less duplicates of the celebrated Mission buildings of the Pacific Coast. There would have been strong arguments in favor of such designing. Just as the buildings at the Jamestown Exposition, by being all Eastern Colonial gave an effect of unity and an American atmosphere that was quite satisfactory and appropriate, so it would have been appropriate to have had all the San Francisco exhibit in Mission style. This, however, is not the case. . . . A gala day appearance is a prerequisite for an exposition aspect. We have always associated the exposition with minarets, domes, towers, flagstaffs, flags, banners, gonfalons, steeples, finials, projecting cornices, brackets, escutcheons, labels, arches, balustrades, colonnades, fountains and cascades. We therefore find that although Spanish architecture has been used to some extent, it is not the Mission Spanish but the more highly ornate High Renaissance Spanish and the more Oriental Hispano-Moorish. But the predominating styles are the Greco-Roman and the Italian Renaissance classical modes."

In his address at the opening of the exposition the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, told of the figure that had most impressed him among the many sculptured figures. He said: "Prophets, priests, and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend, but these do not speak the word I hear. My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which look down upon the Court of the Nations, when the East and West come face to face. Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner. Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure, Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day. Without him we would not be here. Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play. Without him San Francisco would not be today the gayest city of the globe. Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise? That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest, figure is the American Pioneer. To me he is far more, He is the adventuresome spirit of our restless race. Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back. He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick comand, "Sail on, sail on and on." But their westward way was barred. He landed at Plymouth Rock, and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent. His way has been hard, slow, monotonous. He made his path through soggy, sodden forests, where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way. He drank with delight of the brackish waters where the wild beasts wallowed. He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows, forded swift running waters, crept painfully through rocky gorges where Titans had been at play, clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide, dared the limities land without horizon, ground his tooth upon the bitter dust of the desert, fainted beneath the flail of raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought, was cast down, but never broken, and never turned back. Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American Pioneer.

THE EXPOSITION-OPENING PRAYER.

The prayer at the opening of the Exposition which was by Bishop Hanna of the Catholic Church was as follows:

"God of our fathers, in Whose power are the destinies of men, in Whose hands are the ends of the world, look down with loving kindness on Thy children here gathered in Thy name. From the uttermost bounds of the earth have we come to commemorate one of man's greatest achievements adown the ages. Make us, Thy children, realize that thou art the source of light and of inspiration;

make us realize that great things are wrought through Thee alone.

"In the fullness of our material blessings, make us thankful to Thee the giver of all good. In the greatness of our power, make us know that Thou alone art the Strong and Mighty One. Amid the abundance of earthly treasure, make us seek first the Kingdom of God.

"Let humility triumph over pride and our lawless ambition; let love conquer envy and malice; let meekness possess the land; let unselffishness overcome the greed, and let a desire for the things that pass not fill our minds and our hearts."

"To the City of St. Francis, enthroned in beauty by the Western sea, give the grace of kindly hospitality, the blessing of an ever widening vision of true greatness, a faith and a hope that know not failure.

"To our glorious California give abundance of harvest, a bounteous plenty of Thy treasure and a valiant race of men blessed in the knowledge and sanctified in the observance of Thy law.

"To our favored land, from sea to sea, vouchsafe strength and unity and that peace which the world cannot give.

"Make us feel that the mighty city of God rises sublime through the centuries only when built on the foundations of justice and of truth; and, finally, to all the nations here represented grant a vision of the highest things of life—of the things that make for true progress, for real brotherhood, for lasting union, for unfailing love, for mighty achievement in time and for that glory which is everlasting. Amen."

WHAT IS TRUTH?

Rev. John Brereton, Woodland, Cal.

We say, Figures don't lie, and emphasize the value of cold facts. Courts insist on "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," excluding all imagination from the witness stand. Let us take any news item, and, reading between the lines, see if it gives all the truth, or fails because of what it omits. Then ask, Is the truth in the cold facts, or the omissions?

Fact 1—**"Mrs. Brown has sold her home to Hermann Wise of the 1st Nat. Bank."** This fails to say that Mrs. Brown lost her husband ten years ago. She mortgaged her home to educate her son. He died after graduation, and she, as a result of toil and sacrifice, was broken in health. She tried to make a living and meet the payments, but sickness came and interest got behind. Mr. Wise, knowing property in that part of town was increasing in value, offered to renew the mortgage including the back interest. The struggle went on, Mrs. Brown tried to live on less with hope of saving a little, but her health failed. Mr. Wise, learning of an opportunity to sell the place at four times the debt, notified her the bank could not wait longer, suggesting in a soft tone that he would take the place over in order to save her trouble. So the public is informed of the sale of Mrs. Brown's home.

Fact 2—**"Mr. and Mrs. John Smith have moved into their new home."** This, if possible, is worse than the first, because it cheats us out of a piece of most delightful romance in real life, such as millions are longing for, and half believe has no existence outside the story books. Five years ago this John Smith and Thelma Heart met at a summer resort. From the first they were drawn toward each other. They climbed hills, gathered flowers, speculated about geological formations, took snap shots of old spots, got glimpses of the ocean, found curious bugs and built air castles, spent imaginary fortunes in imaginary expeditions, and ended by falling desperately in love, pledging fidelity for life in face of all obstacles. In this as in several instances, the course of true love did not run smoothly. When Thelma's mother heard of it she fumed and stormed, refusing to allow John to come near the place. Took Thelma to Europe, spent a fortune in getting her acquainted with dukes, earls, lords and foreign nobles. Had her watched day and night, intercepted her mail, and finally, suspecting she got messages from John, took her on a trip around the world with a pleasure party, hoping to wean her from Smith, by attaching her to one Signor De La Bovardino of the Italian nobility.

But even the world was not big enough, and did not take long enough to get around, to keep these young people apart. After many experiences, they finally slipped away, and were married in a little church around the corner. This is over a year ago. John is making good. Thelma has learned to keep house and is happy as a princess. The mother has disowned them, and moves about in stately grandeur, while the young people have selected their home and are to move in immediately, because a great event is soon to happen, and a nest must be made ready.

Think of such an item as "John Smith and wife have bought a new home" pretending to be the truth, when it does not contain one hundredth part of the TRUTH, and fails to hint at the important facts in the case.

Fact 3—**"One hundred and fifty thousand French and English soldiers were killed in battle."** This in figures and fact is not disputed, but in pretending to be a correct statement, for historic record, it is utterly lacking in real truth. Only half these soldiers were killed instantly. Some lived for hours and even days, mere fragments of men, shattered and broken, horribly contorted, quivering, groaning, cursing, praying, calling for wife, children, mother, sweetheart. Bodies falling over them and horses trampling them, flies and insects crawling on them; fever and thirst consuming them, with no help, no one to answer, not even a drop of water to cool their parched tongues, until at last merciful nature comes to their relief and death closes down on their senses.

Others lived to be gathered off the field, were taken to a temporary hospital—a kind of butcher shop, the best possible at such a time—where kind doctors and nurses saw and cut, bandage and give desperate first aids, only to raise hopes that can never be realized. Some live a few days, mere pieces of men, straining between agony, hope and horror. One by one, tens and twenties, this great army of splendid young men, of the best and bravest blood of a noble race, pass off the earth forever.

Even this is but a part of the tragedy. Back twenty, thirty or fifty years before, mothers gave birth to these boys. High hopes were entertained, and great sacrifices made, that they might be such men as they became. Many of these mothers live and await the return of their boys. Long rows of women line up before bulletin boards spelling out names, and listening for news from the front. Wives by thousands spend sleepless nights, interpreting the moaning of the wind as the groans of loved ones far away. Lit-

tle children ask, "When will papa come back from the war?" Empty cupboards, neglected gardens. Starving people with broken hearts sit staring into space, and moans go up, How long, O Lord, how long? Young wives await the coming of a new life with dread, lest the father should never return to help care for the little one. Others are left destitute to meet the awful hour, without even the protection of a stable, or a manger to lay the little life in when born. No Joseph nearby to comfort, and no strong arm around them in their agony, as they cry to that mother of long ago, "Hail Mary mother of God, have mercy on us in this hour of need." How many maidens, pledged to love and marriage, await with hopes that must perish. For every man that dies in war, a woman dies many deaths at home. Girls that might have been mothers must remain barren. Arms that might have been filled must remain empty. Women who might have become housewives must remain heartbroken spinsters whose light has gone out. Children that might have been born, laughter that might have sounded down empty halls, generations of noble-blooded peoples that might have lived and labored can never be, because 150,000 French and English soldiers were killed. But how little truth is told in such an item that pretends to give the facts to the public.

Fact 4.—**"A worthless forty acres, near the coast, belonging to Manuel Gonzales, was sold by auction for $100."** This is doubtless true, as banks and business men count truth, but reading between the lines it is a colossal lie. "Forty acres near the coast." Probably within view of the ocean, and subject to its action for millions of years. When possibly the moon was nearer the earth than now, and the tides—two each day—may have risen to fifty or two hundred feet, carrying the hidden wonders of the sea over the land; washing and grinding the rocks, landing great sea-monsters on high mountains, tearing away ledges of earth, destroying forests, depositing sea shells, leaving gravel and traces of its action in many deposits, for geologists to to speculate and dispute over.

"Belonging to Manuel Gonzales!" How much romance may be hidden under the words. Old Spanish grants, great ranches where vast herds of Mexican cattle once roamed over broad acres, where dashing Dons rode to visit beautiful senioritas, and old Padres tramped along the Camino del Real, from one mission to another. Probably these very hills have heard the guitars of lovers, as they played under the window, or on fiesta occasions, when for many miles the gay Dons and their families met. Here the Indians may have camped, battles may have been fought, this very ground may have been stained by the blood of braves. Here an Indian maiden may have met her lover. The wild life of long ago played here. What strange antics they cut, mingled with love tones, understood by the animal world as clearly as our language by us. Here many a mother may have whelped and raised her young. The birds have sung their morning carols for ten thousand years. Before birds had wings, other earlier forms of life came up here, ont of the ocean, to gather morsels of food, play with their mates and raise their young, making strange noises, more sweet to ears attuned to such sounds than classic music to our untrained tastes.

Long before even the crudest forms of animal life crawled over the soil, strange tropical vegetation may have flourished here, not depending so much on earth as on moist warm air and gases favorable to growth. Here forests of such dimensions may have flourished, that our redwoods and Sequoia in comparison are but brush. Great cataclysms may have come and gone, burying forests, or sweeping the earth clean of what once was, pressing its substance into what is coal, and the crude oils of commerce.

The item of news, in classifying the place as "worthless," neglected to say it included the surface to the center of the earth, and took in the air above into the heavens. Forty acres of California climate, fog and sunshine, for which an eastern man would give millions, if he could convey it to New York or Boston. Forty acres from which to view a million acres of other hills, valleys and ocean. What a place to rest, tramp, and sleep outdoors, with lots of room to roll over, and no one to object, even if one failed to take off his boots. Forty acres of birds, insects, herbs, grass, shrubs, trees and vines, with all the colors of spring, summer and autumn. Every bird an orchestra of music; a bundle of nerves, a subject for nature study, a thing of beauty, and a joy forever. What curious growths, forms, colors, fragrance. Forty acres of astronomy. Far above it may be seen millions of stars, each large as the sun, and a probable center of a system, with planets, moons, worlds, and it may be inhabitants, with problems, pleasures, standards and ambitions, as satisfactory, but as different from ours as ours may be from the angels in heaven. It is to be hoped none of them are so lacking in imagination as to see no value in a piece of land like this, if they ever visit the earth.

Valueless indeed! Some day a man with a mind may have a vision, and plant this forty acres with vines of rarest kinds, and raise grapes surpassing the cluster of Eshcol, figs excelling Smyrna, olives from the sacred grove in the garden on the mount, oranges, lemons, pomegranites, and the more rare products of Persia, India and Egypt. On the hill may be built a Swiss chalet, where some dreamer may dwell, and from which may come a yodler's voice, or poem to inspire higher thinking.

This is but a small part of the wealth of this "worthless" forty acres. The lack of value is not in the land, but in the poverty of the imagination of those who write such things, and the tameness of those who read it without a violent protest. Shakespeare's ideal man found "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Four thousand years ago, Jacob lay down on a similar forty acres, and awoke to exclaim, "Surely God is in this place and I knew it not."

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR FOR AMERICA.

Charles S. Macfarland, General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Chirst in America.

Each of the nations is fighting, in others, the very sins which it has itself committed. Each is fighting now a foe without, because each failed to fight her foe within.

More than one nation had by newspaper and by its literature, contemplated this holocaust, sometimes with criminal levity. Each was unwilling it should come, but not enough unwilling. Even now it is talked of by more than one, with appalling complacency, as a more or less permanent event.

All have, in varying degree, either talked or acted an imperalism, and each has constantly increased the suspicions of the other. Men of all these nations had helped it to come by perpetually reminding themselves and the others that it was "bound to come." The national snobs were not of one nation alone. And in the judgment,

while the guilt for certain immediate acts may rest more heavily on one or two, they will all admit their share of guilt, and on no other assumption can we hope for justice at that judgment. And one thing had been absolutely neglected by each and all, although if anything stands out as the clear verdict of history, it is that no nation was ever killed by guns and powder, but that all who have gone down have died of injuries internal. Our statesmen, some of them, are telling us that Europe's war is America's warning that we must get ready and that our readiness must be very much like that of Europe's nations; that we must do the very things that they for thirty years have done. They tell us that our chiefest need and our most permanent defense and our lasting security is a battleship, which costs millions of dollars and takes years to build, but which can be blown to the four winds with a little torpedo that can be made in a day or two and costs a few dollars. But I want to approach it from another viewpoint, and put the warning in a different light. They say that we must get more guns and ships and shells. I want to point out different kind of armanent. They are dealing with one set of forces. I will try to deal with another. And one thing I admit, we must have either theirs or mine. Our nation must have forces either material or moral, and the only question is which shall they be?

The duty of the hour for us is to seek how we may build the new Jerusalem, the holy city, upon the ashes of the old; and most of all to ask ourselves what should be our own state of mind and condition of heart at this moment, when the world has lost its way. Our first duty is not to condemn the world, but to find out how it may come again to life and have it more abundantly than before.

For let us forget it not, far above this, another battle is being fought, one of whose armies may with right and truth appeal to God. Let us rise out of this conflict into the higher one, which is not against flesh and blood, but against the spiritual hosts of wickedness within the heavenly places of our own souls, the battle of eternal and ultimate realities and ideals.

It will, therefore, be wise and well, instead of lamenting the national misdeeds of others, to make this the solemn occasion when we turn our eyes inward and seek in an inviolable solitude of our national personality to stand face to face with the divine reality, and having judged our brothers, if we so must, proceed then to judge ourselves.

The blame is universal. We have all assented to a so-called balance of power, equipoised upon a sword, with bullets in the scale for weights. We have all agreed to secret alliances other than for reason and justice. We all share the peril of the sword because we have the sword. The differences are in degree and not in principle and kind.

The conflict in Europe was no mere accident. The ultimate causes of her woe are selfish ambitions, material competition, unfair advantages, suspicions, the doctrine that might makes right, the confusion of moral with physical power, the ruthless law of the survival of the fittest; in all which the militarists have been ably supported by the intellectuals and the aristocrats of the old world. It arises out of a false philosophy of human life, a false conception of racial relationships, and a false view of human progress. Are we free from the danger of these ultimate causes?

Oh, if the nations of Europe had only thought less about their foes without and more about their foes within. We blame them because they are not democratic either in form or in fact, but perhaps there is still greater danger to the nation that has the form without the fact; that raises hopes before its people which it does not enable them to realize, and ideals before the world, which it sadly fails to demonstrate within itself.

The nations are still suspicious of us. Japan has an attitude of watchful waiting as to whether or not we are a just people. China has her alternate hope and doubt, and is mercurial in her temper toward us. The little nations to the south, are not quite sure of us, and the most hopeful sign of this day and generation was that three of them did try us once and did not find us wanting.

We need to arm ourselves against them; but we shall do it best by disarming them of their doubts and their lingering suspicions. Confidence is the only ultimate security of the relations between nations. The unselfish return of China's indemnity was worth at least one battleship to this nation.

The new patriotism will begin to transform the world when one nation makes her own people see that to love one people truly is to love all peoples, and that the loss of a nation's honor is infinitely worse than the loss of land, and that her service to other nations is the measure of her greatness.

Mexico is really waiting to see whether we shall send into her midst the messengers of light. And now the eyes of the whole world are on us. It does not yet know whether the whited sepulchres without are inwardly filled with dead men's bones. The eyes of God are on us. At this moment the vineyard is in our possession and it is ours to say whther or not, in us, the parable shall be fulfilled. But if our own house only can be set in order, we shall, under the hand of God, become the world's messiah. By self-discipline alone is moral domination won and the surest way to protect ourselves without is to purify ourselves within.

And now, when all else has broken down and the darkness about them is so dense that the light cannot be mistaken, let the nations see in us a nation that will rather suffer wrong than do a wrong.

During these latter days I have been accused of holding a flimsy faltering patriotism and received some letters full of satire and of scorn. But is it so, is the patriot who wants to love his country because she is the protector of the weak as well as the possessor of her own strength, a home for the oppressed, guardian of the others' liberties, as well as the protector of her own, is he a weakling or a traitor?

And so

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice;
An humble and a contrite heart."

"If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe;

Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

Thus may we fulfill the prophecy of the Quaker poet:

"Thy great world-lesson all shall learn,
The nations in thy school shall sit,
Earth's farthest mountain tops shall burn
With watch-fires from thy own uplift."

THE PULPIT TO THE PRESS.

In a letter congratulating The San Francisco Bulletin on its 60th anniversary the Rev. Dr. Aked wrote: "With all my heart I wish you well. But did you ever hear me preach? You know that this is a question Coleridge once put to Charles Lamb. And Lamb groaned and replied: 'I never heard you do anything else.' If you had not wanted to hear me preach with what Byron called a forty-parson power, you should not have given me permission to join in the felicitations which San Francisco offers you upon your sixtieth birthday. I have my chance, and the habit of a lifetime is strong upon me. I seize the opportunity to compel a great newspaper to suffer the word of exhortation.

"Heavier responsibility rests upon no man than rests upon him who presides over the destinies of a daily paper with a circulation like yours. We are what you make us —you and the like of you. The Democracy will be what you and yours will it to be. If you feel the people with lies, if you demoralize their minds with cant and debauch their souls with hatred, malice and all unchartiableness, then, though you endure for a generation or for a century, doing evil all the time, at the last your name and your memory will perish unwept, unhonored and unsung. If you cherish a sense of the dignity and grandeur of your calling, if you see visions and dream dreams and follow the gleam and abide unfailingly true to your convictions, if you live to serve the minds of men and women with action and their souls with truth, today lifting burdens from the shoulders of the disinherited and bidding the oppressed go free, tomorrow adding sunlight to daylight by making the happy happier than before, through all keeping the light of conscience burning and the flag of the ideal flying —then, from the Rockies to the ocean it shall be said of you: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,' and your praises shall be chanted by the voices of the many-sounding sea.

"There! You have brought it upon yourself. You should not loose wild pens that have not editors in awe and expect to escape unhurt. For, you know, in my heart of hearts I envy The Bulletin and covet for myself your pulpit. You speak under a sounding voice through all the Pacific Coast and sometimes as far as the East is from the West. Yes; I know that I am plagiarizing. Hosea Biglow said all this before me, or James Russell Lowell for him. But Hosea with his fiery tongue of truth is still a good man to quote, and I will go on with chapter and verse:

'Meanwhile, see what a pulpit the editor mounts daily, sometimes with a congregation of fifty thousand within reach of his voice, and never so much as a nodder, even, among them! And from what a Bible can he choose his text—a Bible which needs no translation, and which no priestcraft can shut and clasp from the laity—the open volume of the world, upon which with a pen of sunshine or destroying fire, the inspired Present is even now writing the annals of God! Methinks the editor, who should understand his calling, and be equal thereto, would truly deserve that title of Shepherd of the People, which Homer bestows upon princes. He would be the Moses of our nineteenth century; and whereas the old Sinai, silent now, is but a common mountain stared at by the elegant tourist and crawled over by the hammering geologist, he must find his tables of the new law here among factories and cities in this Wilderness of Sin called Progress or Civilization, and be the captain of our Exodus into the Canaan of a truer social order.

"This be my greeting to you, O big Brother of The Bulletin, with the glory of youth shining round about you at the end of your sixtieth year! When you are morbid and cantankerous I hate you and am afraid of you and shrink form you. When you assert yourself as a prophet of righteousness and a Captain of our Exodus which shall lead us into a "truer social order," I do you reverence. And today I join with all your friends everywhere in wishing you, in simple words and glad hope, many happy returns of the day."

LETTER FROM A MISSIONARY IN THE HOMELAND.

Battle Creek, Michigan, Feb. 14, 1915

Editor of the Pacific:

When I landed in San Francisco the 30th of November last, I surely intended to call at the office of the Pacific; but various matters so broke up the time that I failed to accomplish this purpose.

When we left Foochow, November 1st, the Eddy Campaign meetings had just closed. The meetings had been well attended by the literary class; and over 1700 had signed cards pledging themselves to attend weekly meetings for the study of the Bible. At one of the meetings which I attended it was impressive to note the deep quiet which would settle down over the audience as if they had come under some new and strange spell.

The work was extended to various interior cities; and one of these was Shaowu; where were seen some strange things, as for instance 800 women attnding a lecture on science. In proportion to its size the turnout at Shaowu was much better than at Foochow. The Shaowu Magistrate issued proclamations commending the meetings to the people, and himself signed the pledge card.

Thorough preparation had been made for the follow-up work; and from Shaowu one of the young ladies writes of 31 study classes to be supervised and provided with Christian teachers among the women. I have received no account of the Follow-up work among the men; But judging by the past it would inevitably be much larger than among the women; for in China at public gatherings the men always greatly out number the women.

To day I worshipped at the Independent Congregational Church of Battle Creek, Mich., which has just recently been received into the Congregational Conference. Everything about it is unconventional . Nearly all the other

churches here are built of red brick, this one is of cream colored brick. The others are more or less Gothic; this one is Grecian, or even perhaps Doric in style. Instead of a roof, it has a rather flat dome. It is plain, broad and massive, but well proportioned and harmonious, unobtrusive and yet impressive. Straight across the front high up over the door in large relief letters of the plainest type are the words "The Independent Congregational Church." They are pronounced and yet not obtrusive.

The audience room is well supplied with windows of stained glass of simple pattern and matching the outside walls in color. There is not one memorial window; all are simply windows. The organ occupies a low arched alcove back of the platform; there is no fanciful grouping of the pipes. We see only one plain row across the whole front, yet the effect harmonizes with the surroundings. The key board is on the platform to the left hand of the pulpit and preacher; and the organist who was also leader sometimes played with left hand and feet while with the right hand he directed the singers. The organ fully sustained but never overpowered the choir.

The pastor and preacher is a son of B. Fay Mills. He offered no prayer. He said "Let us unite in the spirit of prayer" and instead of praying made some plain and helpful remarks about the "Spirit of prayer," and then the choir softly and reverently sang the Lord's prayer. One felt no temptation to quote,

"We o'er and o'er with lying tongue
Our Father say;
While countless hearts with grief are wrung
For those we slay."

His sermon based on the Parable of The Talents was entitled "The Present Tense in Religion," and was sound, powerful and practical. For the unfaithful servant there was inevitably the outer darkness and the gnashing of teeth. It lacked one thing that Christ put into the sermon on the Mount, Ask and ye shall receive; The discourse did not note the fact that all come short and must have divine help which is freely given to those who ask. Yet a solo beautifully sung called for God's compassion and forgiveness of sin.

Yesterday in the Sanitarium chapel I heard a helpful discourse on "The Unsearchable Riches of Christ," setting forth how fully and freely these are ours, though often, alas, we may be sadly straitened in ourselves.

But Mr. Mills was very good indeed so far as he went.

Battle Creek has ten odd licensed saloons; but they are all on back streets, for they can't have any screens.

In the Sanitarium the Seventh Day is strictly kept, while on Sunday everything proceeds as on any week day; but the religious exercises for the patients are undenominational and well suited to harmonize, and to encourage the weak, weary and ailing ones who here seek relief. Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., has just been chaplain here for a year.

J. E. WALKER.

"I wonder why God made me," said Mrs. Faber bitterly. "I am sure I don't know what was the use of making me." "Perhaps not much yet," replied Dorothy; "but then He hasn't done with you yet. He is making you now, and you don't like it."—George Macdonald.

A NOTABLE DAY IN CLAREMONT.

February twelve was a red letter day at Claremont. The Congregational Club of Southern California celebrated "Lincoln Day" by an all day meeting there. The first session was held in Holmes Hall at the 11:30 College Chapel service. It was inspiring to gather with a full faculty and the Student body, 500 strong, while President Blaisdell spoke on "An Aristocracy of Words." From twelve to one came the "Basket lunch" in the Parish House of the Congregational church. The weather, which had been very uncertain for some days, was at its best for the occasion, but made safe the indoor spread. Until 2:45 the visitors inspected the campus, enjoying its unfolding interests: the North Gate; the new Music Hall; Rembrandt Hall; the Swimming Pool, nearing completion; the "Gym" at its new site; the Greek Theatre, etc.

A large and responsive audience then filled the Church auditorium. Dr. Kengott presided; Dr. Kingman led in prayer; the Ladies' and the Men's Glee Clubs sang. Then Dr. Meredith was introduced, and for an hour poured forth a torrent of Ciceronian eloquence in his masterful oration on Abraham Lincoln. It was a wonderful and inspiring address, and the great Emancipator was worthily exalted. Following this came the dedication of the site of the Claremont Missionary Home. In a few brief sentences Mr. Merritt told of the origin, the incorporation and organization of this youngest child of the church. Recognizing that at Claremont there were special reasons for such an institution, Miss Mary H. Porter set in motion, some eighteen months ago, influences that have culminated in this organization and its incorporation.

Our Missionary Homes are almost all located east of the Mississippi River, so there was room and need for the planting of this home on the Southwest Pacific Coast, in the balmy climate of Southern California, amid its orange groves, under the beautiful Sierra Madre Mountains. But climate is only one of the many reasons why it should be here. Claremont is fortunate in its public schools, both grade and high, with Pomona College as its educational crown; in its one church with its large and inspiring audience, its choice and exceptional pastoral and pulpit ministrations, and in its community life with its high moral and its rare social standards. Here the missionary, back in the home land for his year of Sabbatical rest, will find, in conjunction, the influences and conditions of greatest helpfulness. In the fine faculty and the growig library of the College he will find for himself the very tonic he needs after his long years of isolation, and for the family the atmosphere and surroundings he would seek for them.

The officers of the Home Corporation are: President, Dr. Daniel F. Fox of Pasadena; Vice-president, Miss Mary H. Porter of San Diego; Secretary, Rev. W. C. Merritt; Treasurer, Martin Abernethy; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Prof. Robert Day Williams, all of Claremont. The other members of the Board are: Mrs. Isabel F. Betts of Los Angeles; Rev. Ray F. Carter of Hollywood; and from Claremont Mesdames Frances L. Norton, Florence C. Blaisdell and Susie M. Holden; Revs. Philip Smead Bird and Victor E. Marriott.

A beautiful site of nine lots had been given for the Home by Mrs. Helen G. Renwick, the well known friend of the missionary, in a choice locality, with the lovely Sierra Madre Mountains in full view on one side, the town and

its groves on the other, and thither the audience adjourned to dedicate and consecrate it. Chairman Williams called the large company to order and introduced Mrs. Renwick, who, in a few, beautiful sentences expressed anew her love for and interest in the missionary and his family, and presented to President Fox a Deed of Gift to the lots. With the grace and felicity for which Dr. Fox is noted he accepted the gift in the name of the Claremont Missionary Home, and responded to the address of Mrs. Renwick. He then called upon Dr. William Horace Day to dedicate and consecrate the site to its ministry of service in prayer, which he did in a spirit and in language none who heard will soon forget. Here about a central home, to be set apart for the care of the children of missionaries who must be separated from father and mother while securing their education in the home land, it is planned to group attractive, modern, cottage bungalows, nicely furnished for the use, at small rental, of missionaries and their families while on furlough. The possibilities here are certainly great.

In the evening, after a half hour of delightful organ music at the church, the club sat down to a bountiful supper at "Ye Claremont Inn," and after most enjoyable social intercourse, listened to a very timely and strong address from Dr. David B. Schneder, President of North Japan College, Sendai, Japan, on "American-Japanese Relations," followed by short addresses from Drs. Day and Blaisdell. It was indeed a day of vision and uplift.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Next Sunday morning, Secretary Breed of the National Home Missionary Society will speak in the First Congregational Church of Oakland.

The Rev. C. F. Clarke of Santa Rosa has been called to the pastroate of the Fruitvale Avenue Church of Oakland. He has accepted and will enter on the work about the middle of March.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco will be dedicated next Sunday at 3 p. m., free from debt. The building has cost $160,000 exclusive of furnishing. The San Francisco Examiner mentions it as one of the handsomest buildings in the city. Dr. Aked will give the dedicatory sermon. Full programe of services for dedication week appeared in The Pacific last week.

The California Anti-Saloon League has a limited number of "The Anti-Saloon League Year Book for 1914" which it will be glad to send to any one who will apply for them, enclosing the postage of five cents. These books contain a great deal of very valuable information and sell ordinarily for several times the amount now asked for them.

The Forty-eighth annual State Sunday School Convention will be held at Stockton, April 13th to 15th. Our guest of honor will be Mr. Marion Lawrance. A strong program is being prepared as will be witnessed by the fact that the five Bible Periods will be in charge of President Seaton of the University of the Pacific. General information will be sent out a little later.

The ministers' meeting next Monday will be a union one in the Y. M. C. A. building. This meeting is one conducted by the National Home Missions Council. Immigrant work on the coast is to be thoroughly considered. These conferences will be on Monday and Tuesday in the Y. M. C. A. building. Two sessions will be held each day. On Monday evening a mass meeting will be held. Among the speakers will be Dr. Reuben L. Breed of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, Dr. Schriver of the Presbyterian and Dr. Moore of the Methodist Church South.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco held its last service in Temple Emanu-El last Sunday. The following note appeared on the calendar: "Today we bid farewell to this Temple where we have been so happy and where our large-hearted hosts, the men and women of Congregation Emanu-El, have been so kind to us. We came here on Sunday, August 24, 1913. We leave February 21, 1915. For eighteen months we have been permitted to hold our Sunday services and week-night meetings here. We shall never forget the kindness of the invitation. We did not seek it. It was prompted by the simple goodness of the Rabbi, Trustees, and members of this Temple. If we express the generosity in terms of money payment alone it has represented to us a saving of at least $10,000. We could not have rented a hall for less; and no place so suitable for our work, so conveniently situated, exists in the city. The courtesy to us, the consideration from week to week, the loving welcome continued from the beginning to the end, have been worth to us quite infinitely more than the money saved. We have no adequate words of thanks. But if there should ever come a similar opportunity of rendering service to another community the words 'Brotherly Love' will take on a new significance from the memory of the kindness shown to us by the Jewish people of San Francisco."

THE WORK AMONG THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE.

To the Japanese Branch of The First Congregational Church in Los Angeles, six young men were received by confession and baptism, at its last Communion Season. This is the glad result of harvest work in which pastor Funuya aided by two of his Japanese co-laborers preached the gospel for three days, afternoons and evenings.

To the Chinese Congregational Church in this city, five persons were received last Sunday on confsesion and baptism. Two were young men; two were young ladies and the fifth was a mother who also brought her two little children for baptism. One other infant (three in all) was baptized, the grand child of Deacon Dean S. Woo . Long ago I baptized the grandfather; later the grandmother; later still, as an infant, the father, and now have had the same privilege with one of the third generation.

On next Sunday evening, Feb. 28th, the eight Chinese Missions in San San Francisco will unite in sustaining a series of evangelistic services lasting two weeks and covering three Sundays. This will be the fourth series of this sort thus sustained at this time in the year. We are beginning to call them our March meetings, in the hope that they will never cease to occur in this first month of spring, and generally, as in this case, at the beginning of the Lenten season. Thus far each meeting has had a wider and deeper interest and larger results than those in the meet-

ings preceeding, and I entreat good Christians who may read this item, to intercede for us that this increase may appear again this year. W. C. P.

CHURCH CLUB DISCUSSES CHURCH TAXATION BILL.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Washington Gladden Club of the Congregational Church of Long Beach, the following resolution was submitted by the Committee on Tax Exemption of Churches.

"Whereas, Sec. 14, Art. 13, of the California State Constitution, adopted November 6th, 1900, in express terms exempts the churches of California from taxation if they are used solely and exclusively for public worship."

And, whereas, the successful support and maintenance of public worship in the churches of California imperatively require various public gatherings for social acquaintance and oc-operation in church work:

Resolved, by the Washington Gladden Club of the Congregational Church of Long Beach, that our Assemblyman, Mr. Joseph A. Rominger, is hereby requested to amend the bill which he has introduced into the Assembly, known as Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 15, and entitled "Resolution to propose to the people of the State of California an article to the constitution for amending Sec. 1 Art. 13, relating to the exemption of church from taxation, so that its provisions will be as follows:

All buildings, and so much of the real property on which they are situated as may be required for the convenient use and occuption of said buildings, when the same are used solely and exclusively for religious worship and social purposes for the benefit of the organized religious body using such property for such purposes, shall be free from taxation; provided, that no building so used which may be rented for religious purposes and rent received by the owner thereof shall be exempt from taxation.

After a discussion of the legal bearings of the existing amendment to the State Constitution and of the proposed amendment, the resolution was adopted by unanimous vote of the Club.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

The annual meeting of the Deer Park church as usual, was a great event. It was largely attended by members and friends of the church. The dinner served by the men was of the best, the tables groaned with the their loads of viands and the guests did justice to the fare.

The reports of the various departments were all encouraging, showing marked gains along all lines. In membership 28 were added by confession and letter, and three restored from the absent list. In finance, the report showed that sufficient funds had been pledged to cover current expenses and to liquidate about $100 of deficit from previous years.

The Sunday school report shows an enrollment of 300 in the main school, 33 on the cradle roll and 85 in branch schools at Denison and Deer Lake. The average attendance for the year was 176. The C. E. Societies all reported good interest and attendance, a good increase especially in the latter. The C. E. orchestra has been a great help. The Aid Society reported a fine yera with a record attendance and more money raised than any previous year.

The parish is divided into six districts with a calling committee of 7 for each district, which are doing their work effectively. This continues to be one of the most substantial churches in Eastern Washington, and the services of the pastor, Rev. C. H. Burdick, continues to be increasingly satisfactory.

Plymouth church, Spokane, celebrated its 25th anniversary on Tuesday of this week. Mrs. E. F. Rue, a charter member gave a careful history of the church, and addresses made by Revs. J. Edwards, and J. F. Percival, Mr. J. Yeomans and others. The pastor Dr. C. E. Brown, gave an earnest address on "The Future of the Church" There have been 27 added to the church since September. Meetings are to be held during Lent very night except Saturday. $300 added to pastors' salary.

By Westminster church, Spokane, Important improvements are being made; on the interior of the church, laying hardwood floor, repainting the pews, enlarging the platform for a chorus choir, new carpet, etc.

The reports at the annual meeting of the Chewelah church, indicate that the church is doing splendidly under the ministry of Rev. Jacob Spoolman. The meeting was held in the church parlors with a good representative attendance. An excellent dinner was prepared by the ladies and enjoyed by all. The church enters upon another year with faith, expecting to render increased service and enjoy greater prosperity.

During the past year the net increase in church membership was about eleven per cent, and the average Sunday School attendance increased ten per cent. The financial stress is being felt by the church, and the treasurer reported a small deficit, but the church gave more to benevolences than for some years.The reports were encouraging. J.EDWARDS.

Spokane, Washington, Feb. 19, 1915.

MEETING OF COUNCIL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The Executive Committee of the National Council met in Boston, February 17th. The treasurer's balance sheet for 1914 was presented. The denomination will be glad to know that despite some unusually heavy items of expense the year closed with a balance on hand of $3000. A budget of estimated resources and expenditures for 1915 was submitted by the Secretary and approved. It is believed that by economizing at all available points the imperatively necessary features of the Council's business can be cared for on the expected income.

Satisfactory progrss in the preparation of the Year Book was reported. With hearty co-operation on the part of all concerned there is an excellent prospect of issuing it May 1. But this cannot be done if any important schedules are delayed beyond March 5.

The Educational work of the Council was discussed, at length. The very large demand for the leaflets recently issued proves the desire of pastors for matrial bearing on church efficiency and denominational plans. The Committee is anxious to meet this demand and is endeavoring to shape its financial program with reference to it.

The afternoon session was devoted to a conference with the American section of the Committee on the next International Council. At the request of that committee of which Dr. W. D. Mackenzie is chairman the Executive Com-

mittee will co-operate in the preparation. It will be proposed to the other national organizations concerned that the meeting be held in 1920 and combined with the Tercentenary of the landing at Plymouth.

CHARLES F. CARTER, Chairman.
HUBERT C. HERRING, Secretary.

The Home.

NERVOUSNESS: WOMAN'S WORST ENEMY.

The causes of nervousness are insufficient rest, insufficient air and exercise, overeating and unwise eating, fashions in dress, social ambitions, unhealthy literature, and bad thinking.

To go now into details, there is first the matter of sleep. Eight hours is not sufficient. The woman who is doing any strenuous work, mental or physical, needs the hours from ten until seven for good, sound sleep. If the hours could be made occasionally from nine until six, and the early morning be tasted before it has been eaten up by the work-a-day world, some women's cares would drop away from them.

If every hard-working woman—and by that I mean those who never have time enough to do all they want—would give up half an hour a day to absolute rest, it would have a very definite effect upon our physical lives. By rest I do not mean convulsive rocking in a rocking-chair. I mean relaxation on a bed or sofa, and a rest of mind as well.

Most of our women take their rest in street-cars, hurrying mentally to the places whither they are bound, somewhat late, doubtless trying to help the car along with their anxious desires. I have seen an impatient woman in a slow car expend anxiety of thought and convulsive effort enough to run the car; if the requisite knowledge had been there, the motorman might have had a good sleep. Little nervous touches, such as impatiently tapping the fingers, and the unsightly habit of mouthing the veil, are all detrimental to the conservation of nervous energy; any phyiscal motions that do not accomplish something are harmful.

I wonder why so many women are afraid of air. The great foe of a woman's peace of mind is a "draught." Consumptive patients are kept in the open air all day long. Are we to wait until we are consumptives before we take advantage of it? Air is so cheap. It is almost a pity that it is; if it were an expensive commodity the people across the way, whose bed-room windows are closely shut at night, would certainly insist upon their share. We must have air and we must have sunshine inside our homes if they are not to be asylums for invalids.

Our women do not take enough exercise or the right kind of exercise. Hanging on straps in street-cars, or pushing around a bargain-counter is not exercise. If more women shopped as men do there would be fewer nervous women and more bright, cheery homes.

The fact is universally conceded that women, as well as men, eat too much. An eminent physician once told me that nine-tenths of all the ailments for which he was called in were the result of disorders caused by overeating.

Fat-soaked, soggy food is not conducive to mental sanity, nor can we expect a wholesome view of life from the dyspeptic. Prayers for moral rectitude and an utter ignorance of dietetics are an absurd and illogical combination. To pray, "Create in me a clean heart," and then to fill the body with rubbish, is a waste of words and fervor.

Overtaxed nerves naturally turn to stimulants or narcotics, and it is a grave fact, and one that menaces not only the health, but also the morals of our nation, that women are resorting more and more to alcoholic stimulants to keep themselves braced up to the pitch necessary for their various business or social duties.

There are tea and coffee drunkards among women today—women who are as addicted to the tea or coffee stimulants as the veriest toper to his intoxicants. It behooves all women to watch themselves carefully lest some day they find themselves in the vice-like grasp of a power they have grown too weak to resist.

One of the greatest causes of the nervousness in women is her slavish devotion to fashion. Many of the nervous diseases are indirectly caused by the contraction of the corset and the weight of heavy clothing suspended from the waist. Let our women study for a month the anatomy and physiology of the female torso, and they will cease to sin in this regard. I have never known or heard of a single great woman, a woman whoever did a real work for her country, her race, or her religion, who compressed her waist or squeezed a number-five foot into a number-four shoe.

Social ambition is one of the greatest enemies to our enjoyment of life. It makes more nervous wrecks than any other cause, because it is in itself the source of many of the other causes of a nervous condition. The desire to have or to be something a little better, socially speaking, than some one else; to make a display of wealth on a moderate income; to dress as handsomely as Mrs. A., whose husband is a man of means; the striving to keep up appearances—these are some of the things that must furrow the forehead, reach the nerves, and drive the victim to chloral or morphine.

Unhealthy literature and bad thinking may seem at first sight to have little to do with nervousness, but as a matter of fact, the two have a strong pathological connection. Morbid fiction and unwholesome imaginings act very definitely upon the nerve-centers of the body. The thoughts we think make up the thing we are, and it impossible long to maintain a sound body if we are the guardian of a morbid and unhealthy mind. A continuous course of septic literature, filling the mind with unwholesome images, undoubtedly acts upon the nerve-centers and promotes serious nervous disorders.

Let our women be healthy, inside and out, temperate, open-minded, and natural, then shall we never fear nervous breakdowns. Let us never forget that it is impossible to piece moral cloth on a garment of rotten physical material, and if we expect greatness or nobility of character from our children, we must give them sound bodies.

A very important cause of the nervousness of our young women is in the manner of their early training. Just at the time when a girl at school needs less mental effort she is given more difficult studies, and when she most needs free, out-of-door life, she is more shut in. Mothers who allow their young girls to attend the theater and read novels excessively, to be "shown off" at entertainments, are doing them a great wrong, and one that can never be righted in after years.

Prolonged excitement will wear out the nervous system of the young girl. We have not far to seek for the cause of the nervous, pallid children that we see about us, nor yet for the causes of unhappy, discordant homes. A nervous mother does more harm than an intemperate father. He of necessity spends most of his time away from home; she is always there. Her nervousness makes her indiscriminating and unjust, unduly fault-finding, and unduly indulgent. A child has no right to be made the victim of caprice.

Let the mother set her daughter an example of wholesome living and temperance, both of food and thought; and it may be that in the matter of our national disease, the next generation may not have to deplore the stigma that attaches itself to this. —Mrs. Almon Hensley, in Health Culture.

For The Children.

QUEER LITTLE HISTORIANS.

Just a raindrop loitering earthward,
All alone,
Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story,"
In the stone.

Gravel tossed by teasing water
Down the hill,
Shows where once in merry laughter
Flowed a rill.

In the coal bed dark and hidden
Ferns (how queer)
Left a message plainly saying:
"We've been here!"

You may see here tiny ripples
On the sands,
Leave a history written by their
Unseen hands.

Why, the oak trees, by their bending
Clearly show
The direction playful winds blew
Years ago.

So our habits tell us, little
Maids and men,
What the history of our whole past
Life has been.

—Boys and Girls.

WHAT FATHER BEAVER HAD TO SAY.

"Ugh, ugh-ugh!" came the grur voice of Billy Bear.

Everybody but Blackie Crow and Jack Hopepr hid when they heard him. Blackie was in a safe place high in a bare tree, and Jack had too much curiosity ever to be afraid of anything. "Just listen to Old Growler," said Jack. "I wonder what he's so ugly about now? It must be dreadful to have such a disposition."

"Caw, caw," called Blackie, as he stopped preening his feathers. "If you rabbits could only fly, you'd know lots more than you do."

"Oh, I suppose he's lonesome. Come to think of it, I haven't seen Mrs. Billy about lately. I suppose she couldn't stand it any longer," and Jack hopped a little nearer the big tree for safety.

"Mrs. Billy has a secret. She's got two of the finest little cubs I ever saw. She keeps them in the deep woods. When they are big enough, she'll bring them out, and you can see for yourself."

"Ugh-ugh, ugh-ugh!" The twigs snapped as Old Growler shouldered his way through the brush. "Ugh, get out of my way!" he growled as he aimed a cuff in Jack's direction.

Jack dodged behind the great trunk, then peeped out and wiggled his long ears saucily. "What's happened, Old Growler? You don't seem very happy to-day."

"I'll thank you to call me by my right name," grunted Billy.

"Caw! caw! I know what's the matter with you. You haven't got over your stings, screamed Blackie. "Serves you right for being such a pig and not wanting any one else to have a taste of honey. I saw you, and I heard Blue Jay call you a thief for robbing the bees of their year's work."

"I'm not the only thief around. Who is its steals the farmer's corn, I'd like to know ? My! but isn't it cold!"

"Cold!" snapped Blackie. "I shouldn't think you'd be cold again with all that blueberry and acorn fat under your hide. Cold, huh!" Here Blackie Crow nearly fell off his perch in his excitement. "Here you get the best of everything because you're the biggest, and then twit me about a few corn-sprouts I take in return for my labor. The cornfield is all the better for thinning out; didn't you know that?"

"Not when you thin out all the fattest sprouts, as you do." Old Growler's grunt sounded almost like a laugh as he scrambled down the bank to the river, but it wasn't long before they heard a roar of rage, then a sharp crack! crack!

"So you've gone to sleep, too? What business have you to go to bed before I do?" and Old Growler gave the thin ice a second blow that sent it flying in all directions, after which he put his black nose into the water and took a good long drink.

One would think he'd have been polite enough to say, "Thank you" after this, but what do you think he did? He threw stones and called names, he truly did, scratching the dirt and stones into the hole he'd made, and growling, "Idle Snoozer—that's the best name for such a lazy thing —Idle Snoozer," and he threw more stones before he turned to go.

"Caw! caw! for shame!" screamed Blackie, and Jack was about to add his opinion of such ingratitude when a new voice broke in. It was Father Beaver, whom they thought fast asleep in his new house under the river. It

THE GREAT WAR

SIX SERMONS

— By —

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

What the War Must Bring
The Futility of Force
What Will End the War?
Is Christianity a Failure?
Get a New Idea
The Church and Peace

Price thirty-five cents. At Bookstores.

McCLELLAND & CO.
Columbus, Ohio

happened he was on his roof, listening all the time. Now Father Beaver was not only the most industrious animal in the big woods, but the wisest. He was usually too busy to talk, but when he did open his mouth every one stopped to listen. Jack Hopper's children, Flop-ear and Wrinkle-nose, came out of the briar-patch, Friskie Gray-plume and Mrs. Friskie sprang to the limb beneath Blackie, and a flock of Chickadees lit upon a thornbush near by. All listened with great attention to what Father Beaver would say.

Father Beaver gave his big, broad tail a flop as he began. "Idle Snoozer, indeed! And what do you call yourself? How do you know what's going on in the winter? You sleep months at a time when many of us are working hard to get an honest living. I'm one who can stand up for a friend who can't defend herself. Little River is a friend to us all, but especially to me, for she not only gives me drink, but keeps troublesome neighbors away. Being my nearest neighbor, I think I know her better than you do. She never was lazy in her life. She never goes to sleep; she just loses her pretty voice in the winter. Even covered with ice, as she is, she can always sing a little to the beavers; she can't help singing, and I'm going to tell you why. Her best name is Imprisoned Sunshine. You gave her the right initials, but not the right name or character. Now, what I'd advise you to do, Old Growler, after that fine drink of cold water she gave you, is to take yourself off to bed and think it over. Perhaps you will feel like apologizing when you wake up in the spring."

"Caw! caw! caw!" called Blackie Crow in applause.

"Oh, oh, wasn't it fine?" snickered Jack to the youngsters. ?

The Gray-plumes "chir-red" and jumped from limb to limb in delight, and the Chickadees huffed out their little breasts and sang, "Chick-a-dee-dee-dee."

Old Growler answered not a word. He scrambled up the frozen bluff, and, hanging his head, loped off through the brush in the direction of the tall spruce woods where he had engaged a hollow tree for the winter.

He has not been seen since by Blackie Crow, the Hoppers, the Gray-plumes, or any of the Chickadees, but all of them are wondering if he will be decent enough to make an apology to Little River when he wakes up in the spring. What do you think about it?—Annie B. Wheeler in Christian Register.

THE SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes next,
And one runs after behind.
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quickly slip away.
But one runs over and one comes next,
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam.

"WHAT WE BELIEVE."

The Scottish Rite Auditorium addresses on "Our Changed Conception of God," "The Changed View of the Bible," and "Christ from the Modern Point of View," have been printed in pamphlet form.

They may be had as follows: One copy, five cents; six for 25 cents; fifteen for 50 cents; thirty-five for $1.00.

A SPECIALIST.

Miss Ida M. Tarbell, who has been investigating and writing about industrial conditions for many years, gave some important testimony before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. She said that she regarded union labor as being "always valuable." She also stated that she believed large corporations were interesting themselves more and more in the welfare of their employees.

Free Kindergarten Normal School
of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Assn.
Accredited by the
State Board of Education
Miss Virginia Fitch, President
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal
Address: 560 Union St.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Telephone Douglas 4143

POMONA COLLEGE
CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA
Second Semester opens Thursday,
February 4th, 1915
Special opportunities are offered to mid-year High Schol graduates to enter at this time.
For further information
Address,
THE SECRETARY

Pacific Theological Seminary
Located at
BERKELEY
Seat of the University of California.
Curriculum modern, thorough, practical. Valuable University advantages free. Open to qualified students of any denomination. Location and climate unexcelled. Expenses low.
Address PRESIDENT, C. S. Nash, D.D.

MILLS COLLEGE
A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Suburbs of Oakland, California
A College of high standards and excellent equipment. Entrance requirements equivalent to those of the University of California and Stanford University. Recommended students received in either University class for class. Twenty-one departments. Fine opportunities in Home Economics, Library Study, Music and Art, Modern Gymnasium and outdoor life in ideal climate. A Christian College, undenominational. Semesters open in August 15 and February 9.
For Catalogue and Information,
Address,
REGISTRAR, Mills College P. O., Calif.